# TWO MEDITATIONS:

1. *Of* DEATH.
2. *Of* LIFE ETERNALL.

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By *N. B.* a Sequestred MINISTER OF *JESUS CHRIST.*

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

To his dear Parents, Mr. *C. T. B.* and Mrs. *E. B.* increase of grace in this Life, and everlasting glory in the life to come.

THat this World is Vanity and Vexation, is no need to tell: your more then fourscore years apiece can preach Labour and Sorrow. The Lord hath sufficiently weaned us (if at least we will not be guilty of wilfull folly) from the frothy milk of this World; he hath not spared his mustard, Wormwood and gall: And, as if that were not sufficient to take off our doting appetites, he hath even taken the World it self quite from us; we have no breasts to suck, no world to love. Oh! What a sweet advantage have we now (had we but wisdome and grace to improve it) to fix our loves only upon God and Heaven, now we are freed from other suitors? Why doe we not advance our longings thither, where we may be yet more secure from Plunder and Sequestration? Here we have a little, (though a very little, besides our lives) there we shall have nothing that Theeves can meddle with. We have (I believe we have) long agoe learn'd, to be willing to live, and yet content to die, if God so please: surely we have been trewants, if by this time we cannot adde one line to that lesson, and now be willing to die, and yet content to live, if God so please. Tell me (for ingennously I know not) what is there that may make us in love with Life, or in fear of Death? For the first (love of the present world) I do not much suspect you; you have been sufficiently knock'd off from that dotage. Against the second, there is none but wants incouragements. That King of feares, and fear of Kings, That φοβερὸν φοβερίτατον, That mighty Mawkin, That terrible Scare-crow, That ascolour'd Vizard, is many times ready to put us Children besides our little wits. One good preservation against the frights of this Bug-bear, is to get acquaintance with the Skeleton: so have I known a fair Lady, and a Coy, by familiar converse, with an hard-favour at last, by degrees to like and love. Why not so here? Surely ignorance of Death, oftimes is one (if not the only) cause we are squeamish; did we but

Eccles. 1. 1

Psal. 19. 1

Iob. 18. 14

*know Whence ſhe is, and whither ſhe tends, We ſhould bid her better Welcome. Theſe Meditations were my comfort as well as my imployment in my late long ſickneſſe: I preſent them to you now, as an expreſſe of my duty and thankes for your care and coſt from my Childhood untill now; for even yet (ſuch is the Will of God, whoſe juſtice I ſee quite through the malignity of the world) I feed upon part of that little bread which is ſcarce ſufficient for your own nouriſhment. I hope and Wiſh your Firkin and cruſe may not be ſpent till the influence of Heaven ſend peace and proſperity to our King and Country. I know this preſent will be pleaſing for my ſake, I Wiſh it may be profitable for your own. You cannot but every day (one Way or other) be put in minde of your diſſolution; you have pricks in the fleſh, the Meſſengers of Death to buffet you, and no intreaty can take them off, but they and you muſt remove together. I wiſh you may improve theſe and other Meditations ſo to your comfort, that at laſt, even Death it ſelf may be your conſolation. The God of Heaven bleſſe and keep you in his faith, in his fear, the Lord preſerve and reſtore our King, and in his good time ſend us peace, in the mean time ſend us patience; God forgive and convert our Enemies; and once more look gratiouſly upon our Land and Nation. Amen. Amen*

N. B.

*Of*

# Of Death.

1. He thoughts of *Death* are not alway pleasant: alwayes profitable. What Meditations more needfull, (O my ſoule) or neerer allyed to wiſdome then thoſe of thy latter end? what more uncertain then Life, or more ſure then Death? Mine age is too little to learn to live, not enough to learne to Die. 'Tis good then by frequent thoughts of Death, to make her familiar, that when ſhe comes, ſhe may not looke ſtrangely.

2. And what is Death but the wink of life? the reſt of Nature? the ſleep of fleſh and ſence? the taking downe theſe few ſticks thy earthly tabernacle was built with? the putting off and laying up thy garments of fleſh and blood for a night, till the great and joyfull day come? the Farewell and goodnight of two old friends parted for a ſeaſon? Our journey and paſſage into that other world, for which we, and this world were made? our ſouls Gaoles delivery from the priſon of the body, or birth delivery into a better world? and ſo the way, the gate of life?

3. And this is that which we commonly call *Death*: though there be others alſo of her name. As, There is a *Death in ſin*: this is a miſerable, and yet this is thy condition (O my ſoul!) *Dead in treſpaſſes and ſins*, till thy mercy (O God!) in thy Son hath quickned me by a full remiſſion. And thus we come to another Death; a *Death to Sin*, or a *Death of ſin*: this may well be called the *firſt Death*, for it is the beſt Death: Happy is he that hath his part therein, for over him *The laſt Death ſhall have no power*: And well may this be called *laſt*, for it is laſting, everlaſting: it is ſo great, there can be none with it; ſo infinite, there can be none beyond it. The horrours and terrours of this Death, no mortall is able to ſee and live. Oh! what horrour then is it to thoſe that feel them! But O Lord moſt holy, O God moſt mighty, O holy and mercifull Redeemer, deliver me not unto

Epheſ. 2. 1, Col. 2. 13. Rev. 20. 6.

the bitter paines of eternall Death. Thy death (O Christ) hath saved me from this: and thou wentest downe to hell that I might
m. 6. 4. not goe thither: and my first death and buriall with Thee by *Baptisme* (which is my first Refurrection too) shall be my passe-port through and over the worst of Death.

. 1. 13. 4. Thou (O Lord) *mad'st not death*, but Man found it out by the works of his hands: Man brought forth sin, and sin brought forth death; and no marvaile if the child be uglie that is begotten of such parents. And this generation of vipers hath so thriven in this
n. 1. 18. world, as if *Increase and multiply*, and *Repleniſh the earth*, had been onely spoke to them. What thing is there in the world that is not sin, or oft-times a provocation thereunto? What thing is there in the world that is not Death, or oft-times an instrument thereunto? Nothing so small but is big enough to hide a Death under it. A Flie hath choakt one, a Grape-stone another, an haire of the head has done as much to a third: A prick of a thorne hath let in Death, a point of a Sword could doe no more. Death lurks sometimes in our meat, and sometimes in our drink, and sometimes in the very aire: Man hath not more helps of living, then he hath means of dying. But (O Lord) how sweetly did thy Wisdome and Justice accord, when thou madest Death the revenge of sin, and so plagued us with a brood of our owne begetting? But as the
om. 6. 23. *wages*, so the *end of sin is death*: Thy Justice (O God) hath made it the *wages*; thy Mercy hath made it the *end*: *Death* came in by
om. 5. 12. *sin*, and *sin* goes out by *death*. Sin is a Viper descended of the old Serpent, and Death is her off-spring born to the destruction of her Mother. Thy mercy (O Christ) that took away my sin, could also have taken away my death; but thy wisdome chose rather to
Cor. 15. 55. alter then abolish it. Thou hast cut out the *sting*, crost out the *curse*, and now with *Esau* it meets not with *frownes*, but *kisses*:
en. 33. 4. surely the *bitternesse of death is over*. Thou (O Saviour) by thy
am. 15. 32. Death hast so sweetned Death, and perfum'd the Grave, that it shall not grieve me when my Sun is set, to sleep awhile in that silent bed.

. Cor. 15. 26. 5. And thus our *last enemy* is become our first friend we meet with in our passage to that other world: who as she leads thy body through corruption and rottennesse, so she guides thy soule to life and happinesse: as she closes the eye of thy body, so she opens much more the eye of thy soule: if thy friends mourne to see thee dead,

dead, thy ſoule rejoyces much more to ſee him *who was dead, and is alive:* thy Name and Memory *periſhes* perhaps among the ſons of men, but is everlaſtingly recorded among the ſons of God. Rev. 1. 18 Pſal. 41. 5.

6. Surely it is but the worſt part of Man that is in the reach and power of death: our ſoules are ſo far from damage, that they gaine more then the body loſes. The worſt of Death is but corruption, and that works but upon a carkaſe that neither feels nor cares. We carry heaven and earth about us while we live, when we die, each part returnes homewards. Kings and Prophets, Patriachs and Apoſtles, have all gone the ſame way, and who can be ſo fond as to hope exemption? Whoever is cloathed with fleſh and blood, is engaged unto death for thoſe garments, and Death can diſtraine no farther then her owne, (theſe garments.) Tis true, ſhe deſires and aſpires higher, faine would ſhe raviſh the ſoule, but our *Joſeph* is *too chaſte* for her embracements, and flyes away without his garments. Gen. 39. 12

7. The time of Death for her comming is uncertaine, becauſe ſhe would alway be expected: for ſometimes ſhe takes advantage, and ſtrikes ſuddenly, though moſt times ſhe ſends her harbingers (age and ſickneſſe) to give notice of her comming. The time of Death for her continuance when ſhe comes is but gueſtwiſe for a night; and her firſt word is, To bed: ſhe muſt be our bed-fellow for a night, and the earth our bed, where claſpt in her cold armes we be til we be as cold as ſhe. This is cold news thinks fleſh and blood, who ſeldome bids her gueſt welcome; fain would ſhe make delaies; ſhe thinks the night will be long, and therefore deſires to ſit up a little longer. But Death (though ſometimes ſhe ſeeme to admit of diſcourſe, yet ſhe) reſolutely holds her concluſion, and will not be denyed, though ſtill we deſire (ſuch is our weakneſſe) to hug our diſeaſes, till they raviſh us of all that is fleſh and blood, and leave us fit for none but Death. And now Death will forbeare no longer, but thruſts out ſickneſſe, and enters the bed her ſelfe. Yet ſhe ſtayes not long there, ſhe and her bed-fellow are ſoone removed one Story lower to the floore, and then one Story more to the grave. And yet there is no abiding: That which is ſo full of alteration cannot be permanent. *Death may endure for a night, but life commeth in the morning.* When that day breaks, the ſhadowes fly away, and Night and Death ſhall be no more. Pſal. 30. 5.

But

But what company shall I meet with in the house of death? What? *Corruption* and *Wormes*: These are my neere kindred. Corruption was my mother, and begat me; she is now my daughter, I beget her. The wormes are my sisters by the mothers side; they are now my children: as a Mother I breed them; as a Father I feed them: a lusty kindred! Surely they cannot but bid me welcome and be glad to meet me there: Why should not I be so to them? However I may be coy of their acquaintance here, yet there we shall be more then intimate, I shall embrace them in my armes, and hug them in my bosome; I shall feast them with my flesh, yea with all my heart and my Liver too: I shall give them free quarters; for should I grudge, they would be so bold as to take it: But much good doe it them, it is the last banquet I shall ever make them, and the last time I shall ever meet them; after this supper, good-night kindred.

17. 14.

8. We doe not then indeed, (and but scarcely in appearance seeme to) lose by Death, for what is the World and all that therein we leave behind us? her best things are vanitie, the rest vexation. How is she falne since our fall, from a *fruitfull Land*, to a *barren wildernesse*? how is she fruitfull now onely in thornes and troubles? how are all her pleasures vaine, and but in appearance? while her sorrowes are reall. What are all her pomps and honours, but empty bubbles and baubles to please fond children? And what is our flesh, but a bundle of diseases, a bladder full of muddy water, a lumpe of rottennesse? And what was that thing which we once call'd Life, but a perillous pilgrimage, a sea of troubles, a labyrinth of perplexitie?

1. 107. 34.

But that which is worse then all the rest, without which the rest were not evill; that which is the death in the pot, the leaven of the whole lump, and that which imbitters the whole life, is sin, and a necessity of so doing: so that while we live, we cannot but sin: we are plunged into such an inevitable habit of mischiefe and and miserie, that to live and to sin are of like necessity, and we must leave off both or neither. And that which makes full this part of our misery, we delight in our prison, we sing in our cage, we are proud of our chaines, and too often take pleasure in the jingling of our fetters. Death now is our freedome from all these. Why dost thou droop then? (O my soule) lift up thine head rather when thy redemption draweth neere; when death shall open,

Rev. 4. 40.
Cor. 5. 6.

Luke 21. 28.

thy

thy prison dores, be not loath to goe at liberty; dote no longer on thy old master (the World) thy Wife and Children (thy flesh and corruptions) as to repine at the year of Jubile, or refuse thy Freedome: away with these base follies, and mount thy thoughts to higher wisdome; yea, I shall sing and rejoyce, when my Soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, *the snare is broken and I am delivered.* Exo. Psa.

9. What is Death but a sleep, and the Grave a bed? all these are so near of kind, that oft times they are called by the same names, and the very feature of their countenance give them to be of near alliance. It is the weakness then of flesh and blood that desires the one, and abhors the other. When we are weary of a dayes labour, we desire to goe to bed, and rest at night, why should it not be so with us here too? All our dayes are *labour and sorrow*, and we may well be weary: Why should we, when night is come, be like froward children, loath to goe to bed? especially to that bed where we shall sleep in the Lord, and *rest from our Labours*; to that bed, that shall be more easie, and freer from disturbance then any beds of Down; to that bed where we shall sleep more securely, and rise againe more surely then from any other bed we shall take up in our strongest health. Away then (O my soul) away with whatsoever may nourish distrust or distraction! The Tempest is almost over, and thou art entring the harbour, and haven of safety! This present Earth-quake shall break off thy chaines, and open the prison dores for thy delivery: thou shalt passe through the iron gate of Necessity, and the earthen gate of Mortality, to the golden gate of Liberty & Eternity: Thou art now trimming and making ready (O my soul) to go to bed to thy spouse, thy Bridegroome: give it some other name, it is not modesty that makes thee unwilling; either foolishnesse, or fearfulnesse, or at least want of affection makes thee draw back. *Why art thou so sad then, (O my soul!) and why art thou so disquieted within me?* make cheerfull speed to meet thy *Bridegroome:* Thou art thy *wel-beloveds*, and thy *wel-beloved is thine:* The first sleep ever man had, got him a wife, the last sleep he has, gets him a husband. Psal. 10. Rev. 13 Acts Psal. 4 Cant. Gen.

10. But the names of things, oft-times, are more terrible then the things themselves: How many great things have some great Conquerours effected by the power only of the Name and Fame! Death is this Conquerour, this *Nimrod*, this *mighty Hunter*: more justly then *Senacherib* can the boast, where I set my foot *I dry up rivers*, (*rivers* Gen. 2 Reg. 24. 13

*of blood* in the *veines*, of *milk* in the *breasts*, of *marrow* in the *bones*) where are the gods of *Heva*, and *Iva*, and of *Sepharvaim*? yea where is proud *Senacharib* himself! and of the Kings of the Earth she saith, *It is I that make you lick the dust of the Earth, and the slime of the pit; Let not your idols of gold, and greatnesse wherein you trust, deceive you.*

2. And yet what is this Death more, or beyond a Name? *Mors est morsus, quia mordet.* Death is a biting, and it is called *Death* because it doth *Eate*: it takes a *Morsell*, and it swallowes a *mouthfull*, but it 2.10. shall never digest it, like *Jonah's* whale *it shall cast it up againe* safe and m.15 intire. Death is called a *departure*, a parting of two old Friends for :15. a season, that they may *receive each other againe* for ever. It is called 9. an *expiring*, *a giving up of the Ghost*, *a sleeping with our Fathers*, *a gathering to our people*: And are not these fearfull Names, *(ô my soul!)* 47. 25. 8. doest thou not tremble? or not blush rather, that thou hast been frighted with these bug-beares! why shouldest thou be either coy or fearfull? 'tis but a Mawkin, draw near, it will not, it cannot hurt thee.

11. Neither doest thou want witnesses of comfort or incouragement; holy Scriptures are frequent upon this Theam. *Solomon* that was as famous for his *Wisdome* as for his *Wealth*; who had as much as this world could afford to make a man in love with this *Life*, yet plainly cs.7.2 tels thee, *That the day of Death is better then the day of thy Birth.* And nature seemes to say as much, when Heathen (guided by her light only) would *mourne* at the *Birth*, and *Feast* at the *Funeral* of their *Friends and Children.* Heathen knew but the one half of the good of Death, (a cessation of miseries) thou *(ô my soul!)* knowest the other, (a fruition of felicity.) Let not an Heathen then *out-die* thee in *cheerfulnesse*. *Blessed* indeed *are those that live in the Lord*; but that is cev. 14.13 not all; *Blessed* also *are the Dead that die in the Lord*, even so saith the Spirit, for *they rest from their labours.*

lus. 12. *O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that* 1. *lives in pleasure, in his own possessions, and hath nothing to vex him?* But *ô Death! how sweet, how acceptable is the remembrance of thee, and how welcome is thy presence to him that dwels in miseries and vexations; and hath hopes of glories hereafter in everlasting possession?* how sweet is that refreshing thou giveest to weary Pilgrims? how welcome art thou to those that know whence thou commest, and whither tendest? ke 3am.10. who but he that is all flesh and blood, would desire to lurk and *hide himself among the stuffe* and trash of this vile world, rather then goe to that

that Crown and Kingdome thou leadſt unto? who but he that has quite loſt his judgement, that ſhall conſider the miſeries of the preſent, and the felicities of the world to come, but will ſay out of choice, what the Prophet ſpake out of paſſion, *It is better for me to die, then to live.* Ion.

13. But what is the matter now (*ô my ſoul!*) that thou art ſo loath to die? *Why art thou ſo fearfull, ô thou of little faith?* how often haſt thou thought in thy Meditations, that thou couldeſt welcome Death? And yet when it lookes upon thee, and offers thee ſervice, thou ſhrinkeſt back, and thy face is pale, and thine eyes looke wilde, as if thou wert amazed: doe thy longings now languiſh? thy hopes and expectations now end? how often haſt thou prayed, *Thy kingdome come?* and now the gates are opening, art thou loath to goe? How often hath thy raviſhed heart cry'd out, *Come Lord Jeſus come quickly?* and now he comes and calls, art thou loath to goe? Doth thy Redeemer ſend for thee, and art thou loath to goe? Doe joyes, and crownes, and everlaſting poſſeſſions now expect thee, and art thou loath to goe? Doe Saints and Angels, Patriarchs, and Apoſtles, Martyrs and Confeſſors, and all the Quire of Heaven deſire thy company, and art thou loath to goe? Away, for ſhame (*ô my ſoul!*) away, rouze up thy ſelf, and let it never be ſaid, that Heathen and Heretiques have imbraced Death more cheerfully then thou: let it never be ſaid, Thou haſt incouraged others, and art thy ſelf a coward. Away then with all unchriſtian diffidence, and addreſſe thy ſelf with joy and thankfulneſſe to thy glory. Mat. Mat. Rev.

14. But (O Lord!) it is thou only that canſt make me willing; thou, by thy Mercies canſt draw me, and by thy judgements canſt drive me; thou canſt wooe me to a better world, and weane me from this. Oh prepare my Soul ſo far for thee then, that it may bid thy meſſenger welcome. Now, that thou O Saviour haſt taſted Death, and ſo ſweetned that cup, let not me be loth to pledg thee. Thou that giveſt both *to will*, and *to doe*, give them both to me, that I may not only die, but doe it willingly. Phil.

15. But (O Lord!) *though the ſpirit be willing, yet the fleſh is weak:* my ſoul would draw near with courage and comfort, but my body boggles: ſo many hindrances and hang-backs; ſo many clogs and temptations within me, without me, about me, that if thou O Lord leave me but to my ſelf, I ſhall ſhame my ſelfe, and that name of thine that I have profeſſed. Oh! I cannot welcome Death ſo heartily, ſo Mat. 41.

worthily as I ought; instead of cheerfull imbracements, I shrink inward, and am scarce ashamed to let Death hale me, as if I would make the world belive, that I durst not die. Lord how shall I shame and befoole my self, if thou but leave me to my self!

16. Now whither shall I goe for succour but unto thee O Lord? O God of all Spirits, and of all Flesh too, make thou willing both my spirit and my flesh to come unto thee: Oh! weaken my flesh to receive, incourage my spirit to contemne Death: The nearer I draw unto my end, let my joyes be the clearer, and my desires inlarged. Oh draw this dark veile a little, that I may see my glory, and then I cannot but desire it. And O God most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and mercifull Redeemer, suffer me not at my last hour for any fear or paine of Death to fall from thee.

4. 0. 17. O Lord, thou seest how soon I sink in these waters, unlesse thou help and hold me up. Oh! shew thy strength then in my weaknesse; help him that cannot help himself; and let all the praise and glory be thine owne. I aske no more then what thou hast given to others, and promised to me, and hast given many earnests by many former deliverances: perfect the work thou hast begun, that thy praise, and my happinesse may be consummate together.

18. Yea, O Lord, I know it shall be so, I cannot only build upon thy promise, but prove by former deliverances that thou wilt save me now. I cannot fear drowning in these waters while my head is above. O Saviour! thou hast conquer'd and triumph'd over Death, how can I then fear a vanquish'd adversary? Thou hast overcome Death both for thy self and me, how then can I miscarry? *O Death,* then *where is thy sting! O Grave where is thy victory?* O my soul, thou
r. 15. 55. hast *marched valiantly!* Thou hast *fought a good fight,* and hast *finished*
5.21 *thy course, henceforth is laid up for thee a crown of glory. I will lay me*
h. 4.7 *down therefore, and sleep in peace, since thou O God makest me to dwell*
4. 8. *in safety.*

r. 15. 57. 19. And now *thanks be unto God who hath given me victory through Jesus Christ our Lord:* And blessed be that Redeemer who hath bought off the bitternesse and torments of my Death with his own: Blessed be he that hath made the bed of sickness tollerable; of Death, easie:
140.7 Blessed be that *strength of my salvation who hath covered my head in the*
118. *day of battell: O Lord thou art my God and I will thanke thee; thou*
28. *art my King, and I will praise thee.*

*Of*

1. WHat wilt thou muſe on (O my ſoule!) what imployment ſhall I find thee, or thou find thy ſelf? what meditations more worthy thy ſelf next the glory of thy Maker, then the glory of thy ſelf? Aſcend then (O my ſoule!) in thy thoughts to that *Nebo* and *Piſgag*, whence thou maieſt deſcry a glimpſe of that Land of bliſſe and promiſe, which thy faith believeth, and thy heart deſireth. Deut

2. And what is that life of glory but a full fruition of God and thy ſelf, with the ſociety of Saints and Angels? the bleſſed viſion of the all-glorious Deity: Thy union to him, thy enjoying of him, and rejoycing in him: A life that is all life, and hath nothing of death or ſorrow in it, where are *fulneſſe of joies and pleaſures for evermore.* A life whoſe glory cannot be deſcribed till it be injoyed, for *eye hath not ſeen, nor eare heard, nor hath it entred into the heart of man to conceive thoſe treaſures of happineſſe that God hath laid up for them that love him:* A life whereunto not our light afflictions onely which are but for a moment, but whereunto the beſt things of this life, yea our life it ſelf is not worthy to be compared. Pſal. 1 Cor Rom

3. And this is the laſt of lives, and is a life everlaſting: Our firſt Life is a life of Nature, the marriage of ſoule and body together: Our next Life is a life of Grace, an eſpouſing of the Soule to Chriſt: Our laſt Life is a life of Glory, when Soul and Body are married unto God for ever. The Soule is begotten to this life, at our regeneration; it is borne at our death, or ſeparation of Soule and Body: from thence to the reſurrection, and re-union of the Body to the Soule, it is in its childhood; and then enters it into its full perfection. In this glory there may be degrees, there can be no imperfection; though ſome ſhine like ſtarres of greater, ſome of leſſer magnitude, yet all ſhall ſhine: ſome ſhal hold more glory, ſome leſſe, yet all ſhall be full: he that hath leaſt ſhall neither want himſelf, nor annoy him that hath a larger portion.

4. And whence is this life eternal but from him who is the fountain both of life, and of eternity? The Father hath made it and decreed it: The Son hath merited and procured it: The Holy Ghoſt hath ſealed and delivered it. Not thy Free-will in doing good, but his free Mercy in Electing thee is that which gives thee title to this Glory: Thou art

not happy becauſe thou haſt been holy, but thou art holy becauſe thou art ordained to be happy. And as this Glory, ſo all things tending thereunto are from God: he that ordained thee to Glory, hath given thee a Saviour to give thee this Glory; he hath given thee Faith to bring thee to this Saviour; he hath given thee his Word to bring thee to this Faith; he hath given thee his Merit, he hath given thee his Spirit, he hath given thee the hive, and the honey too. Look up unto God then (O my ſoul!) as the beginner and the finiſher of thy Glory; and when thou art raviſhed with the glory of the worke, forget not to magnifie him who is the Authour. And indeed, he is both the Authour of thy glory, and thy glory too it ſelf; in him is all thy happineſſe. Canſt thou want any thing then (O my ſoule!) that injoyeſt him who is all perfection? Canſt thou thirſt while thou dwelleſt in the fountain, and well-ſpring of living Waters? Canſt thou hunger whilſt thou art filled with Manna, and bread of life? Canſt thou be naked, whilſt thou art wrapt in glory? Canſt thou be ſad (O my ſoule!) whilſt thou art
6.11. in his preſence where *is fulneſſe of joy, and pleaſures for evermore?* yea, thou thy ſelf art now ſufficient in him who is All-ſufficient.

5. But what are the commodities of this kingdome of Glory? ſurely the fruit muſt needs be both wholſome and pleaſant that grows upon this Tree of life: if the kingdome of God upon Earth be *righ-*
. 14. *teouſnes, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt*, oh! what is that kingdome
17. then in Heaven? All things muſt needs be pure there, where no unclean thing can enter; and they muſt needs alſo be as peaceable, where there is no roome for jarre or diſcord; and ſhall they not alſo be as
21.4. pleaſant? when ſorrow and ſadneſſe ſhall be no more? ſhall not our *eyes* ſtand full with joy when all *tears* are wiped off? When our hearts are then ſo merry, how ſhall we chuſe but ſing? or how can our mirth but be melodious? and how can our ſongs but be continuall, ſince our joyes are everlaſting? Our *Hoſannah's* and *Hallelujah's* ſhal never ceaſe, becauſe our joyes ſhall never end; and our joyes are everlaſting, becauſe our glory is eternall: nor can we be weary of hearing, or making that muſick which none can beare a part in and not be happy.

6. Who now are the Inhabitants of this happy Land, the Inheritours of this bliſſe, the Citizens, and Subjects of this City of God? who are they but Saints and Angels? glorious Spirits, or bodies tranſformed into a ſpirituall perfection? *Chriſt is King and God, and he*
or. 15. *makes his ſubjects Kings, and* (as it were) *God too, that they may reigne*
40. *with him for ever and ever.* Theſe bodies of ours which were *earthy*, are

now

now *heavenly*, this *terrestriall* is become *celestiall*, and this *naturall body* is made a *spirituall*. And thus are we *made fit to accompany Angels*, and *hold fellowship with Prophets and Patriarchs*: these *immortall crownes of glory* are not onely *prepared for us*, but we are also *prepared for them*, and made able *to receive that blisse* of which before we were not onely *unworthy*, but *uncapable*. Our *soule* and *body* are not onely *reunited*, but *improved* to such an *inlarged perfection*, that they are able not onely to *receive*, but *retaine* their fill, their full of *glory*; even of that *transcendent glory which is so pure and bright*, that it would *rather astonish*, then *delight the best of mortalls*. What *this blisse* indeed is, we *doe not*, we *cannot know* untill *we have it*, then shall we *comprehend it* as well as be *comprehended by it*: here *we know* but *in part*, then shal *we know* it *fully*, and it is *not lesse then half our happinesse* that we are made *so capable of knowing* and *receiving it*.

7. Nor is that a small *blisse* or *glory* that arises from the *very place* wherein *we enjoy it*: The *majesty* even of *earthly Princes* is oft seen in their *stately Palaces*; they have had their *houses of Cedar and Ivory*. What is that *Palace* then that the *God of Majesty* hath made for himself? when we say, that *this City of God hath her walls of Jasper, her buildings of gold, her foundations pretious stones, her gates pearle*; these are but low expressions stooping to our weak capacities: *Oh! how excellent things are spoken of thee thou City of God*? and yet all short of *thy Excellency!* Even *this World* hath some glimpses and reflexions *of glory*; her greatest is in *her Canopie*, her *sealed roofe* that is so bespangled with *glorious starres*; and yet even this is but *the pavement of that City*; What then is her Canopie? *Blessed, thrice-blessed, ô God, are they whom thou shalt count worthy to come under thy roofe*. Rev. 2 Psal. 8

And as *the place*, so *the Company* much more adds to *our felicity*: it is but *halfe an happinesse* to be *happy alone*: *When Adam had a Paradise to dwell in*, and *a world* besides *to encompasse him*, yet he was *not perfect* till he *had a Partner*. It is not so much *a comfort* to have *Companions of our miseries*, as *of our joyes*; of which we lose *the better part* if we have not some to *beare a part*. We have *Friends and Companions in this life*, with whom *sometime* we have *distasts and discontents*, yet *When Death calls us*, how loath are we *to go* and *leave them! Death* oft times hath not *a greater grief* then this, *to leave our Friends behind us*. Oh! how *glad shall we be to meet again in that other world, where our joyes and loves shall be redoubled? to meet them in the midst of Myriads of Saints, and Legions of Angels!* to meet them with *God our Father*, and *Christ our* Gen. 2

Saviour,

*Saviour*, and that *blessed Spirit who is the God of joy and love*: all which, have *their full of felicity*, and yet we have ne'r the lesse: *Their joyes and glories* shall not *overshadow* or eclipse, but *adde* to ours: They shall *joy in our happinesse*, and we *rejoice in theirs*, for none shal think *others much* or their *owne little*. The *joy* must needs be answerable to the *glory of the sight*, to see the *antient Kings and Patriarchs*, *Prophets and Apostles* in their *glorious mansions*: to meet familiarly with the *Fathers of the primitive and present Church*! to *see* those valiant and renowned troops *of Martyrs and Confessors*! to *see* those *squadrons of Angels* marshalled in their *glorious orders*! nay, to *see* and be *able* to *looke* upon *God himselfe*! Oh! my soule! how canst thou *think on this* and not be ravish'd *with desire* to be *added to this Company*? But that which *crownes our comfort*, and *fills our joy unto the brim*, is, this *our happinesse is eternall, everlasting*: That is not *halfe an happinesse* that hath *an end*, a period; nay, it adds unto *our grief* if we might have been, to *our misery* if we have *been happy*, and are not. In this life our *wine* is *mixt with teares*, *our mirth with mourning*; we oft *laugh* and *cry* in lesse then an houre;
14.13 yea sometimes *even in laughter the heart is sorrowfull, and the end of mirth is heavinesse*. But our *joyes in Heaven* are as *perpetuall*, as they are *pleasant*; our *glory* as *permanent*, as *excellent*: Nor can *they* but be *everlasting* since they spring from a fountaine that cannot drie. *Oh how*
84. 1,10. *amiable are thy dwellings on Earth, ô Lord of hosts! how doth* an holy soule *long to go into thy courts!* for *one day in thine house is better then a thousand otherwhere*. Oh! what then are millions of yeares in thy courts in Heaven? yea, what is *Eternity*? in comparison whereof millions of yeares are not a moment.

8. Now this *life of glory* will seem to give the greater lustre, if we doe but compare it with those other *lives of the middle and lower regions*. And first, what is this World but a ship of vanity, floating upon a sea of misery? whose richest fraught, and best commodities, are not
ng.10. 21. better then those of *Solomon* from *Tharshish, Gold and Silver, and Ivory, and Apes, and Peacocks*: Riches, honours, pleasures. And what are these at the best but *vanity*? what is Gold and Silver but red and white clay? what is honour, but a bubble? what is pleasure, but a squib? or worse, an *Ignis fatuus*? And if this be the best, what is the rest? if this be her Welcome, what is her Farewell? if when she meet us she be *vanity*, she cannot be lesse then *vexation* when she leaves us. When
. 6. 19. the rust and the canker hath consumed thy gold and thy silver; when Theeves have plunder'd thy goods, and worse then Theeves, have sequester'd

queſter'd thy Lands; when thy State is wrack'd, & thy Credit crack'd; when thine honours are flowen, and thy pleaſures gone, then, thou ſhalt not need an *OEdipus* to tell thee, *what this World is.* And next, what is our whole *Life on Earth* but a vaſt compoſure of ſinne and miſery? A *couple of Harlots* that can accord together to worke our miſ- 1 Kin
chief, onely here's the contention, which of the twaine has the greateſt right and ſhare in us; each pleads hard for all, and will not be contented with an half: and ſurely *ſinne* would have the greateſt part, were it not that *ſin it ſelf is a miſery.* What are our bodies but bundles of diſeaſes, every member having more infirmities then arteries? it is almoſt as impoſſible to know them, as to cure them, and more impoſſible not to have them; if we could, yet it would be more then tedious for to name them, how tedious then to feel them? And yet who is he that is not continually accompanied with ſome one or more of them, our diſeaſes (which is ſtrange) being more diverſe then our Deaths: and (which is more ſtrange yet) our grounds of grief within our *little world* (our ſelves) being more then all the *great world* beſide can give us? Now then (O my ſoule) thinke ſeriouſly on thy joyes above, and thy miſeries here, and then neglect Heaven if thou canſt, and dote on Earth. But if neither ſorrows within thee, nor troubles about thee doe not throughly affect thee, thinke on thoſe horrours of that lower world, if thou thinkeſt thoſe thoughts will not affright thee. *Where* Iſa. 6
*the damned are ever dying, never dead; ever burning, never conſumed; ever tumbling downe, never come to the bottome; where the Worme dieth* Mar.
*not, but her continuall gnawings make way for continuall gnaſhings. Where diſmall feares and terrours, frights and amazements, utter darkneſſe and* Mat.
*fire unquenchable, with rivers of brimſtone; where roarings and howlings, yellings and ſhriekings, and curſings of ugly Fiends and gaſtly Ghoſts are* Iſa. 3
*but parcels of torments*; and all that men can ſay are not halfe expreſſions of thoſe woes which none can know but thoſe that feel them. And that which is heavier then all the reſt, this infernall Vault is ſo thick ſeeled with Deſpaire, that there is no getting out for ever. Think on this then (O my ſoule) and then think again, that there was but one ſtep between thee and this Death, and if thy gracious Saviour had not ſtept in that ſtep, and catch'd thee, thou hadſt fallen irrecoverable; yet this is not half; he not onely redeem'd thy *life from Hell, but crowned thee* alſo in Heaven *with mercy, and glory everlaſting.* Thinke Pſ. 10
on this double mercy (O my ſoule) and be double thankfull, double happy.

30 9. But whereunto shall we liken this *Kingdome of God*, or unto
what shall we compare it? It is like a Sea-scourged Marchant, that
hath been long tossed on the raging waves by the churlish windes;
beaten with many a billow; dash'd on many a rock; threatned with
many a wrack and catarack; that has gone over many a gulf; past
over many a pool; fought with many a Pirate; and now at last
richly fraught is entred with joy, and triumph into the safe hayen and
harbour of his own City. It is like unto a *Joseph* imprisoned in a dun-
geon, in stocks and irons; and at last brought forth and set among
Gen. 41. Princes, and made to inherit a throne of glory. It is like unto a *Da-*
2. Sam. 2. *vid*, hunted, persecuted, banished, and at last returne home, and be
Sam. 5.9 crowned a King in *Hierusalem*. It is like a year of *Jubile* after fifty
years bondage. Like a return from *Babylon* after seventy years cap-
tivity, to a Temple more glorious then the first. Or like a *Sabbath*
6. of holy rest, after a week of hard labour. It is like a beggarly *Lazarus*
Luke 16. full of sores, that fain would have some crums of comfort from the
seeming riches of this world, but can get none till he have his fill in
1 *Abrahams* bosome. Or like that other *Lazarus*, sick, & dead, and buried,
and perhaps stinking in the grave of this Earth, the cold, and hard, and
heavy stone of Misery and Necessity pressing him down, till the voice
of God cry, *Lazarus come forth*. It is like liberty and pardon to a
condemned prisoner. It is like a sumptuous Wedding-feast at the
marriage of a Kings son, who hath married not the rich and beauti-
full Daughter of a Noble, nor the homely Daughter of a Citizen or
Artizen, but the deformed Daughter of a miserable Beggar; for
such were we, whose first parents, by their fall, bemired both them-
selves and us, who since have made our selves more filthy by continuall
Ezek. 16. wallowing; thus are we naked, and wounded, and in our blood,
4. even to the loathing of our selves; no eye pitties, neither Priest, nor
10. Levite can help us, till the Son of God come, who has compassion,
11. who washes off our mud with his blood, who takes our infirmities,
and cures our deformities, wraps us in the garments of his own righ-
teousnesse, gives us his grace and comelinesse; and then lookes, and
loves, and marries for ever, and keeps an everlasting wedding, at
which all rejoyce, but devils and damned. These are glimpses of our
glory if so much, sutable to our shallow fancies; here we know but
33. in part, and see darkly: even the Apostles themselves, though they
had seen the transfiguration; yet when they began to speak thereof,
talk they know not what: And S. *Paul*, when he had been in Paradice,

and

and returned, though he wanted neither memory nor expreſſions, 2 Co
yet he can tell us only, that he had been there, but what he ſaw or heard was impoſſible to utter. Content thy ſelf then (O my ſoul!) with thy glory in that manner, and meaſure, and method as God ſhall give it thee.

10. How ſweet a thing is Life! even the naming of it invites to cheerfulneſſe, and its contrary, is of a dull ſound; even this Life, which is not only temporall, but miſerable too; yet becauſe it is a Life, how loath are we to leave it? How ſhall we joy in our life, then when temporall ſhall be changed to eternall, and miſery to glory? How Eccl
ſweet a thing is Light! how pleaſant to behold the Sun! how near are light and life of kind! when even ſtones, becauſe they have light in them, are ſaid to be lively, and are held for jewels! How excellent is the eye! which is not only the beauty of the face, but the light Mat.
of the body, what could we doe without it? how much of our happineſſe conſiſts in light, even here! how much more hereafter! How ſweet a thing is glory! even the painted glory of this world, which moſt time is but a bare name and ſhaddow, yet is oft preferred before life it ſelf. And yet how little a place doth this glory fill; how ſhort a time doth it laſt? how hardly is it got! how quickly forgot! how ſubject to be miſtaken! fond man, oft thinking he imbraces his honour when he hugs his ſhame. Our glory here at beſt, is but a gloeworme, hereafter it ſhall excell the Sun. How ſweet a thing is our Country! and is preferred before our Parents, our Children, or our ſelves: How beloved a thing is our home! he is ſenſleſſe, or worſe, that doth not highly prize it: And yet even in our Country here we are but Pilgrims, at our home we are but ſtrangers; Heaven is our Country, and our Home, in compariſon whereof, the richeſt Palace on earth is homely. How ſweet a thing is a Crowne! how deſirable a Kingdome! How eagerly doe ambitious men indanger their bodies, and damne their ſoules, to have a pull at one of them! And yet what are Earthen Crownes, but wreathes of thornes? clouts ſtuft with cares? and how oft have thoſe weighty Caps broke the necks of thoſe that wore them? Not ſo with our Crownes of glory, who as far excell theſe in ſecurity, as they doe in majeſty: for none ſhall ever envy them, but thoſe that ſhall never come neere to trouble them. Let the thought of theſe glories then (O my ſoule) be thy joy, till the time come thou ſhalt enjoy them.

11. We can but glance and gueſſe at theſe ſtately glories; as *eye*

2.9 *hath not ſeene them, nor eare heard them, neither can the heart conceive them, what good things be thoſe that God hath provided for thoſe that love*
1.19 *him*, even before the *ſons of men*: to pleaſe the ſenſe, but cannot fill our little heart. But what better things are thoſe he hath provided for them before the ſons of God, to fil and ſatisfie their inlarged ſoules!
8.18 wherevnto not our *light afflictions only which are but for a moment*, but the greateſt bleſſings this world hath, are not worthy to be compared. What can the heart deſire more, then to be rid of evil and enjoy good?
6.11 both are here; here is *fulneſſe* of that which cauſes *fulneſſe of joy, and*
*pleaſures for evermore*. Here is none of that which may cauſe ſorrow:
21.4. not onely all *teares*, but *all cauſe of teares ſhall be wiped away*: nor can any thing enter here that is foule or hurtfull. Ceaſe not theſe thoughts (O my ſoule) till they have raiſed thee to joy and thankfulneſſe.

12. Now farewell then fond pleaſure, thou painted Witch: Farewell baſe earth, thou unweildie bulk: and farewell Fleſh with thy fil-
13. thy luſts. Fly away vaine-glory with thy Peacock-feathers; Avaunt ſin,
46. Avoid Satan, I have found a prize, a Pearle, I will ſell all and buy it. Oh come then into my armes (my Deare!) draw neere, my Joy, and raviſh him that cannot raviſh thee. Oh let my raviſht thoughts attaine ſome glimpſes (though at too far a diſtance) of thy rare beauties. Who can think on thee, and not long for thee? Who can hope for thee, and not think thoſe longings long? Who can love thee, and not be happy? But how happy thoſe be that enjoy thee, no tongue can tell. Oh beare me on thy wings, (Dear Love) while I lightly trample over the dung of this world: Smile but upon me, and I ſhall cheerfully paſſe the gates of death. He knowes thee not, that loves thee not. He loves thee not, that will not die to come unto thee.

26. 13. But alas, though *the Spirit be willing, the Fleſh is weake*: whatever the matter be, my ſoule is heavie, as if there were ſome earth in that too: Mine eyes are dim, I cannot ſee thoſe glaunces of thy beauty which I might ſee: Mine ears are deafe too oft to thy ſweet motions: My pallate is dull, when I ſhould taſte how gracious my Lord is: My ſmell is not well taken with the favour of his precious ointments: And all the Arteries of my ſoul are oft time ſo benummed, they can neither feele themſelves nor thee. Oh heavens! whence is the cauſe of all this coldneſſe? is my ſoul ſo much in love with my body, it cannot leave it a little to enjoy it ſelf alone? is my body ſo much of kind unto the Earth, that it muſt needes be more heavy then it? and muſt my ſoul needs be heavy too for company? Are the treaſures and

plea-

pleasures of this world such goodly things, thou canst not sequester thy thoughts from them? Or are the joyes of heaven so poore, thou art loath to spend thy thoughts upon them? Or dost thou believe there are none there, or none for thee, and therefore wilt not labour in vain? Surely these are not the causes, God and my soule know: but either the graces of heaven withhold their dewes, and veyle their beauty, and their influence; or else my stony, leaden, or at least my fleshly heart, drawes not in their blessing: Or else God that made heaven, and gives it, will give it freely, we shall not be suspected to deserve it, so much as in a strong desire: Or else the Divine wisdome and goodnesse sees that if we should have these blessed visions and revelations in abundance we should be *exalted above measure*, and therefore sends this ballast in the flesh to humble us. This is thy condition (O my soul!) thou complainest not without a cause, and mai'st well be sorry for thy heavinesse. 2 Cor.

14. Thou seest (O Lord!) that I am so *weary and heavy laden*, I cannot travell upon this *holy hill*; Oh! that thou wouldest *ease me*, as thou hast promised! Oh! take off my burden, adde to thy strength: pluck off the plumets of my flesh, and put to the feathers of my Spirit, whose wings are silver, and her feathers gold: *Oh! that I had the wings of that Dove, then should I flie away.* Oh! that I could but get up this *Nebo*, and see my *Canaan*; how dearly should I love, and long for her! how boldly for her sake should I bid defiance unto whatsoever this wildernesse, or world can tempt me with! Mat. 11. Psal. 6 57. Deut.

15. But (O Lord!) thou knowest my soul neither hath this happinesse, nor can deserve it: yea, neither can deserve to have it, nor to desire it. But look not on my merits, but on thy mercy: if I had my desert, I should have been long ere this past hope or help of Mercy: That thou hast saved me from Hell, is a Mercy no lesse then infinite; but that thou shouldest also give me Heaven, is a Mercy every way like thy self. How can I deserve so great a Glory, that am not able to aske, or worthy to beg the least of thy Mercies! How is my soul benummed with Flesh! bemired with Earth! besetted with Sin! Lord thou art my hope, my help: help then thy servant that cannot help himself; and as thou hast prepared glory for me, so Lord prepare me for my glory.

16. *O God the Father of Light, and Life, from whom every good and perfect gift descendeth*; take this work into thine hand, and the glory of it: perfect what thou hast begun: O save my soul that putteth Iam. 1.

her truſt in thee. Wean her from the frothy milk of this world; feed her with that Mannah that came down from Heaven! thou that put-
9.6 teſt *Clay* into the *blind mans eyes* and cured them, waſh out that clay in mine, wherewith they are ſo bedaubed, they can neither ſee Heaven, nor thee. It is thine hand that made the Heavens, and it is thine hand that gives them, and it is the ſame hand againe that lifts mine heart unto them: O Lord! though thou makeſt not mine heart heavy, yet thou findeſt it ſo: thou haſt it in thine hand, turn it, and tune it as pleaſe thee: make it light by the light of thy counteuance: quicken it by thy Spirit: take out her earth; put in thy fire: carry her up to *Nebo*: ſhew her *Canaan*: make her weary of this wilderneſſe: and inlarge her longings after Heaven: leave her not till thou make
42. her *pant* after thee, *as the hart after the waters*; nor let her thirſt ever be abated till ſhe be filled with the preſence of thee, O God.

18 17. And ſince I have begun to ſpeak unto the Lord of glory, who
27. am but duſt and aſhes, pardon thy ſervant, if while he plead with thee, he urge thee with thy promiſe. Haſt thou not ſaid (O Lord!) that
6.10 thou wilt give me life? haſt thou not bid me pray, *Thy kingdome come?* and haſt thou not promiſed *to give to them that ask*, and *open to them that knock?* haſt thou not alway declared thy ſelf, a God rich in mercy, and delights to ſhew it? I beg that which thou knoweſt I want, I periſh without it; thou haſt in abundance, enough to ſpare, to make Millions rich and happy: I can have ſupply from none, from nothing elſe, the whole world beſides is Miſery, if thou give not, I ſhall never have it: I beg no more but what thou haſt given others: how many thouſand Saints and Martyrs haſt thou crown'd with glory? And (pardon me O Lord, and I ſhall ſpeak once more) haſt thou not bought Heaven for me, and paid for it? a good price too, and ſufficient? Oh! let theſe perſwade with thee, and let thy mercy in thy well-beloved Son prevaile; in him look down on me, and make me look up to thee; with his blood cement and link all thy graces in a chain, and let them down to me, that laying hold thereon, I may be drawne up to my glory.

18. Yea, be thou confident (O my ſoule!) it ſhall be ſo: *Faithfull*
or. 1. 9. *is he that hath promiſed, even God that cannot lie*: all thy ſinnes cannot
or. 1. 10. make his grace of none effect: he counts his promiſe as a debt, and
c m. 3. 3. will ſurely pay it; yea, he hath not onely bought Heaven for thee, but bought thee alſo for Heaven, and given earneſt for thee, the graces

of

of his Spirit. Be thou ſure (O my ſoule!) thy King and Saviour that hath fought ſo valiantly, and paid ſo dearly for thy redemption, will not now loſe thee. *Who ſhall ſeparate thee* from this love of God? who can pull thee from thy glory? if thy ſinnes cannot, thy afflictions ſhall not: Go to thy reſt then (O my ſoule!) and there be thankfull. 2 Cor. Rom.

19. *Now praiſe the Lord (ô my ſoule) and all that is within me bleſſe his holy name. Bleſſe the Lord (O my ſoule) and forget not all his benefits.* Who *pardoneth all thy ſinnes*, and *healeth all thine infirmities*; which *hath redeemed thy life from deſtruction, and crowned thee* too *with everlaſting mercies. Oh! what ſhall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?* What ſhall I? what can I render? What can I give thee (O God) which is not thine owne already? Thou askeſt mine *heart*; thou haſt it; I give it thee, and thanke thee too with all mine heart. Oh! that it were worthy thy acceptance; O Lord thou doſt accept it as it is, and therefore *My ſoule doth magnifie the Lord, and my Spirit rejoyceth in God my Saviour*; *for he hath* highly *exalted the low eſtate* of his ſervant; *he that is mighty hath done great things* for me, *and holy is his name*; and bleſſed be that God who hath made me bleſſed to all eternity. *Amen.* Pſ. 103. 2, Pſ. 116 Pro. 23 Luk. 1.

*FINIS.*